

heere's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iailer. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier Francis, be briefe; onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marry her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your soules to utter it.

Clau. Know you anie, Hero?

Hero. None my Lord; as you may see by this.

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! interfections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he, he, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier; father, by your leave, will you with free and unconstrained soule

Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely sonne as God did give her me.

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whose worth may counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vntlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness: There Leonato, take her backe againe.

Give not this rotten Orange to your friend,

Shes but the signe and semblance of her honour:

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O what authoritie and shew of truth

Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!

Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,

To witness simple Vertue? would you not sweare

All you that see her, that she were a maide?

By these exterior shewes? But she is none:

She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,

Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe,

Have vanquish't the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginities,

Clau. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne

You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the forehead sinne: No Leonato,

I neuer tempted her with word too large,

But as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bashfull sinceritie and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it, You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,

As chaste as is the budd' ere it be blowne:

But you are more intemperate in your blood,

Than *Venus*, or those pampred animals,

That rage in savage sensualities.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prin. What should I speake for my quail, yea am

I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about

To linke my deare friend to a common stale?

Clau. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face *Heroes*? are our eyes our owne?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one question to your daughter.

And by that fatherly and kindly power,

That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset?

What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name

With any iust reproach?

Clau. Marry that can *Hero*,

Hero is selfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prin. Why then you are no maiden.

Leonato. I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor,

My selfe, my brother, and this grieved Count

Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,

Talkt with a ruffian at her chamber window,

Who hath indeed most like a libell villaine,

Confest the vile encounters they haue had

A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,

Not to be spoken of,

There is not chastitie enough in language,

Without offence to utter them: thus pretty Lady

I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.

Clau. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou bene

If halfe thy outward graces had bene placed

About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?

But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell.

Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,

For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,

And on my eie-lids shall Coniecture hang,

To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme;

And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Bast. Why how now cousin, wherfore sink you down?

Clau. Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,

Smother her spirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Bast. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,

Hero. why *Hero*; Vncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier,

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand,

Death is the fairest couer for her shame

That may be wish't for.

Beat. How

Beat. How now cousin *Hero*?

Frier. Haue comfort *Ladie*.

Leon. Dost thou looke vp?

Frier. Yea, wherfore should she not?

Leon. Wherfore? Why doth not euer earthly thing

Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie

The storie that is printed in her blood?

Do not thus *Hero*, do not open thine eyes

For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,

Though I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,

My selfe would on the reward of reproaches

Strike at thy life. Grien'd I, I had but one

Child, for that at frugal Natures frame

One too much by thee: why had I one?

Why euer wast thou louelie in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,

Who smere'd thus, and mir'd with infamie,

I might haue said, no part of it is mine;

This shame deriues it selfe from vnkowne loines,

But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,

That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:

Valewing of her, why she, O she is false

Into a pit of lyes; that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,

And salt too little, which may season giue

To her foule tainted flesh.

Bene. Sir, be patient for my part, I am so attired

in wonder, I know not what to say.

Bea. O on my soule my cousin is belied.

Bea. No truly: nor although vntill last night

I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron:

Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,

Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulesse,

Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Frier. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so

long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by no-

ting of the *Ladie*, I haue mark't.

A thousand blushing apparitions,

To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,

In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,

And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire.

To burne the errors that these Princes hold

Against her maiden truth: Call me a foole,

Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,

Which with experimental seale doth warrant

The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,

My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,

If this sweet *Ladie* lye not guiltlesse heere,

Vnder some biting error,

Leo. Frier, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,

Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,

A signe of periuoy, she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,

That which appears in proper nakednesse?

Frier. *Ladie*, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:

If I know more of any man aliue

Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,

Let all my finnes lacke mercy: O my Father,

Proue you that any man with me conuert,

At houres vnmeet,

Maintain'd the change

Refuse me, hate me,

Frier. There is some

Bene. Two of them

And if their wisdom

The practise of it liues

Whose spirits coile in

Leo. I know not:

These hands shall tear

The proudest of them

Time hath not yet so

Nor age so eate vp my

Nor Fortune made sue

Nor my bad life rest me

But they shall finde, a

Both strength of limbe,

Ability in meane, and

To quit me of them th

Frier. Pause awhile:

And let my counsell

Your daughter heere

Let her awhile be seer

And publish it, that sh

Maintaine a mourning

And on your Families

Hang mournfull Epita

That appertaine vnto

Leon. What shall I

Frier. Marry this wel

Change slander to rem

But not for that dream

But on this trauaile loo

She dying, as it must b

Vpon the instant that

Shall be lamented, pitie

Of euer hearer: for i

That what we haue, w

Whiles we enjoy it; b

Why then we racke th

The vertue that posses

Whiles it was ours, s

When he shal heare sh

Th Idea of her life shal

Into his study of imagi

And euer louely Orga

Shall come appareld in

More mouing delicate

Into the eye and prosp

Then when she liu'd in

If euer Loue had intere

And with he had not se

No, though he thought

Let this be so, and dou

Wil fashion the euent

Then I can lay it down

But if all ayme but this

The supposition of the

Will quench the world

And if it sort not well,

As best befits her wou

In some reclusiue and

Out of all eyes, tongu

Bene. Signior *Leon*

And though you know

Is very much vnto the